

HOUGHTON STAR

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, NEW YORK

NOVEMBER 1, 1945

Classes Frolic At Annual Picnic

Seniors Entertain Sophs

The Senior-Soph party began with a rather disillusioning wet hike through the swamps of Houghton Heights to a "lone-prairie"—the intended site of the picnic. Soon, however, we yielded to the insistent beating of the elements and made our way to the Rec Hall, where we indulged enthusiastically in pingpong, shuffleboard, checkers and chess until suppertime. An abundance of hot dogs, cocoa, and creamsticks was served, and we all stuffed to capacity.

An interesting program of games and relay races was enjoyed in the evening, commencing with charades and impromptu skits by the presidents, Indians, Axis leaders, etc. Featured at this time were the shooting of Eisenhower and our own "Frog" in all its glory. Then several victims learned the worst from the "bright ideas" of their friends. The Kangaroo relay race afforded a rather amazing spectacle, and the Trees and Squirrels and Double-Ring ceremony contributed their bit to the excitement of the evening. But the climax of the program was Ruthe Meade's vivid narration of a hair-raising ghost story which sent cold shivers down one's vertebral column and caused many an unsuspecting person to jump and scream slightly when two piercing shots rang through the hall.

Then a friendship ring was formed, and the party concluded with a very effective devotional period of Bible verses, testimonies and prayer, followed by "Abide With Me," played softly and clearly by Lois Hardy while everyone prayerfully hummed.

Frosh See Letchworth

Cold weather and rain weren't enough to discourage freshmen and juniors last Friday afternoon as they piled into busses bound for Letchworth State Park and the annual sister class picnics.

After headquarters were established at the Middle Falls, groups and couples wandered off to explore the terrain. "Oh's" and "Ah's," laughter and jests resounded through the park until, tired and hungry, they all straggled back to camp.

Everyone admitted the weather was cold and inclined to be disagreeable so, to keep bodies warm and spirits up, the old game of three-deep was revived with Professor Cronk as the star runner.

Then there was a bread line—and good, hot, food! (It was authentically reported that some frosh fellows consumed as many as seven hot-dogs!)

The program that followed was conducive to good digestion. Just after the hill-billy band had made their debut with "Red River Valley," a blood-curdling scream pierced the silence and startled faces looked around to see the

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M. Bromley, editor; E. Doughten and M. Dukeshire, associate editors.

'45 Boulder Receives Honor Rating

The 1945 *Boulder* has received first class honor rating from the National Scholastic Press Association, the highest rating a *Boulder* has yet received. This First Class Honor Rating is superceded only by the All-American Honor Rating, and is therefore the second highest rating given by the N. S. P. A.

The division pages, the opening section and the views of the campus received special commendation in the rating booklet. The classification of excellent was given to the senior pictures, the organizations and activities, the captions, the editing and to the plan, content, typography, physical appearance and educative value of the '45 *Boulder*. The write-ups and headings especially attracted the N. S. P. A. because of their interest appeal and factual content. The originality of the themes of the yearbook aided in making its rating high. The fact that the pictures of school life were neglected hindered the rating of the yearbook, but was due to the few number of photographs submitted by students to the *Boulder* last

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MUSIC STUDENTS USE NEW ROOMS

If anyone has happened to be in the Music Building any time recently, he may have heard some rather "unrhythmic" hammerings. It was not the music students—just the construction gang that has been at work in the basement, building five instrumental practice rooms. They are now completed, and it's not uncommon to see students using that door which was hitherto a "forbidden passage."

The Music Department this year has an enrollment of 56 students, and there are 97 college and high school students who also have some music courses; then too, there are four new faculty members in the department this year: thus the need for additional practice rooms was more urgent this fall than ever before.

year. The N. S. P. A. judges are university graduates who have considerable experience with yearbooks and are capable of accurate criticism.

Some of the '45 *Boulder* staff members are not in school this year. The editor, Myron Bromley, is now in the U. S. Army and is stationed at Camp Blinding, Florida. The assistant business manager, Jim Shoe, with his wife, Jean, is living in Grafton, West Virginia, where he is pastor of a church. Roy Takaya is working in Chicago and Mrs. James Fenton, the subscription manager, is in Quantico, Va., with her husband. The members of the staff who are now on campus are planning a dinner party (a week from Saturday) to celebrate the good news.

Seniors Present Final Class Recital of Series

Last Thursday evening nine Senior girls gave the final in the series of class recitals for the semester. The program, which was presented in the chapel, included, as pianists: Helen Loudon, playing Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; Phyllis Perry, playing Brahms' "Ballade in D Major," and Jessie Taylor playing the "Prelude" from Franck's *Prelude, Choral and Fugue*. Lois Hardy, flutist, played Kohler's "Papillon" and the Debussy "Syrinx," and Doris Potter, violinist, played the "Adagio" and "Allegro" from the *Sonata in F Major* by Handel. Vocalists who performed were Betty Moot, singing Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and Castor's "Pool of Quietness"; Barbara VanDyke, singing Mililotti's "Cade la Sera" and "The False Prophet"; Ruthe Meade, singing "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" by Quilter and Wyble's "In the Forest"; and Margaret Roy closing the program by singing "Connais tu le Pays" and "Je suis dans son Boudoir" from the opera *Mignon* by Thomas.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Students Pledge Missions \$1,200

Reverend E. Sterl Phinney, a missionary to Colombia, South America, delivered a message from Romans 1:16 in the annual Missionary Day chapel, October 31. Students and faculty members pledged \$1,085 and gave \$123 for the college missionaries, Miss Ione Driscoll in Africa and Mrs. Floyd Banker in India.

Mr. Phinney emphasized the urgent challenge of the Apostle Paul's words with brief mention of the opposition he and his fellow workers had encountered in their unashamed preaching of the gospel. He told of an evangelistic meeting attacked by a menacing mob whose violence was instigated by the local priest. The workers, however, escaped unhurt despite stones and clubs.

The speaker pointed out that religious liberty is more than the right to regulate one's personal spiritual existence. It involves the propagation of the principles in which one firmly believes so that those about him may accept or reject them as they choose. Each one naming the name of Christ is solemnly obligated to show Him to the world, and some of the greatest opportunities for testimony occur in secular activities.

Rev. Phinney has worked, not only in Colombia, but in Japan.

CONVENTION SEES WHITENED HARVEST

Houghton has been the meeting place for the Quadrennial Missionary Convention for the Eastern District. The opening service was held in the Houghton Church on Tuesday evening, October 30 at 7:30. Miss Gracia Fero gave the response to the welcome, which was given by Dr. Stephen Paine. After the introduction of officials and missionaries, Rev. J. R. Swauger, Home Missionary Secretary, brought the evening message, his subject being "The Reaper's Wages."

Services were held Wednesday morning and afternoon. The morning message, given by Rev. Newcomb, concerned his work among the Onondaga Indians. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Phinney spoke on the harvest fields of Colombia.

The evening service included the song service and prayer, after which several missionary quotations, arranged by Rev. Alton Shea, were given. Following the special music, Mr. Swauger spoke on "Except a Corn of Wheat."

The Rev. Mr. Swauger brought the Thursday morning message, his subject being "A look at the Whiteness Harvest Fields of America."

The afternoon service for Thursday had messages by Mrs. Beulah Landrey, speaking on "India is White Already to Harvest," and Rev. J. L. Landrey

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HOUGHTON STAR

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Houghton - -

Background and Foreground

G. I.'s from Mississippi and Connecticut and New York wearing freshly creased khakis or muddy fatigues — not the tired, seasoned men who faced death, but the cocky, the resentful, the green rookies of a few weeks' service — these in the bold foreground. And in the shadows of the background, lighted by a sunset, the strains of a chapel organ, or the familiar handwriting of a friend, are the days spent at Houghton with their friendships, fun, and fellowship in Him.

Between the persistent background and the pressing foreground lie dimmer days of change, yet Houghton has left a mould that continues to shape the patterns of all the days. Sundaes after Artist Series and midnight vigils in the Boulder office are part of the memories that remain. Friends and classmates and faculty members are another part. Deepest and most inclusive is the Christ who is the foundation of Houghton. He is the same here as there, and college life centered in Him has become a basis for army life centered in Him.

Fall revivals have come and gone; new freshmen have become part of the school; again autumn skies are blue above the pines and maples. For those of you who are there, Houghton is more than a memory. Perhaps it is a walk on Sunday afternoon or an hour quiz; certainly these are part of the college. To think about our school, though, for most of us brings at least a half-conscious realization that there is a deeper meaning — something we find suddenly significant in the much used phrasing of our motto. Life has a purpose and needs a foundation.

There, too, is a kind of basic training, training for the critical combat and diligent occupation ahead of each of us. A commanding officer of the infantry once said that three simple abilities represented all the soldier's necessary skills — to march, to shoot, to salute. Possibly three broader skills are needed by the Christian student — to pray, to think, to serve. However, the men who have built Houghton expressed these and more in the words "Founded on the Rock." The other factors of college life are most enjoyable as we daily keep this in mind. If we had been editing the *Star*, this would have been our first and most basic policy; instead, Mary Dukeshire is applying it in these issues.

As students or as former students, daily life for Christ is more than a preachment; it is the essential ministry of Houghton. Whether part of the insistent present or the lingering past, Houghton College becomes effective training for life as He who is its foundation becomes our Commander.

H. Myron Bromley

'46 BOULDER BALLAD

By Barbara Douglas

"Well—what'd'ya know. The Junior class is in its prime—
The Boulder's gettin' better all the time.

Well—what'd'ya know. The picture's good and the texture's fine—
The Boulder's gettin' better all the time.

To think that it was pretty good a couple years ago—

Now it's gettin' better 'n' better—that you'll surely know—

So—put your dollar down today and you will find

The Boulder's gettin' better all the time.

—HC—

"Freudent" Psych

Dave Miller, the *Star's* spasmodic sports writer, was surprised when one of his table mates led the conversation around to psychology the other night. However, he said he decided to take advantage of the opportunity to perpetrate some of his superficial knowledge of Freud. Later in the meal, he discovered to his consternation that his other table mate was Miss Foust, the psychology professor.

—HC—

The Star Visits The Tailor In His Quaint Town Shop

Crouching back in the trees next to the railroad tracks not far from Houghton's main thoroughfare reposes a building which closely resembles a tar-paper packing-box, but which, in reality, serves as both commercial establishment and living abode for Houghton's one tailor. Placards tacked in abundance to its sole entrance encourage visitors and customers alike to enter the place of business.

At first glance the interior of the shop does not appear to be impressive, but upon closer scrutiny the numerous and varied wall adornments prove especially intriguing. Scripture cards, select bits of verse, and calendars, long invalid as far as utility is concerned, but still decorative as eyecatchers, surfeit the walls of the tiny shop.

Minute as the building is, the owner-proprietor-housekeeper has ingeniously developed a three-room effect. The main division contains equipment necessary for carrying on business. Sewing machine, tables, and pressing instruments are all crowded into every available corner.

Made private from his place of business only by a limp pair of draperies are Mr. Hoyer's living quarters. In this section there is definitely no superfluity of space. An assortment of cooking utensils and other household gadgets are stacked carefully away behind matchless sets of nondescript curtains, or in makeshift cupboards of sacks.

His dining and sleeping quarters are insured further privacy by the use of even more curtains. The little tailor eats his solitary meals at a rustic table built against the wall of this third room and leaves just enough space for him to conveniently pull aside the curtains

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Witchie

So I knocked her out with my trust-worthy fist and there she is still . . . as stiff as last year's course in Social Psych. Now I ask you people, wasn't that all right? . . . I mean knocking Chi-Wee out. Week after week she writes about me, Witchie, without knowing half the things about me. So when her assignment was due at the *Star* office this Saturday I hit her gently . . . ever so gently . . . on her "bean" . . . (to put it a mite crudely.)

And now I can enlighten all you folks. It'll not be this second-hand reporting that Chi-Wee usually does. *This*, my friends, is a rare privilege! I, Witchie, will write about my exploits with no interference from anyone . . . and quick as you can blink your eyes this will be in print with Chi-Wee none the wiser . . . and perhaps still unconscious.

First, I wish to correct a fallacious statement made by my author. Some parties regard me only as a mere . . . shadow. I tell you this is utter nonsense. Look for me . . . I'm always there in that empty seat in chapel or running about in the dining room helping to carry the heavy trays out to the kitchen . . . and thousands of other goodly deeds . . . but they are too numerous to mention here.

And another thing . . . I am thoroughly discouraged with you folks for even thinking that I have weird features. One would almost think that I were abnormal. This idea that my ears look like "cornucopias" is really untrue! . . . They are, in the first place, trumpet-shaped and have only one quarter turn in them. I tell you, reporting has "gone to the dogs."

Well, I saw Dot Edwards and that good Editor Mary Dukeshire trying on Dr. Ries' Doctor of Theology academic robe. They looked ever so educated . . . especially when they carried the teddy-bear with them. They only wanted to know how well they looked in the robe . . . whether or not to study and work for a doctorate, you know. Ah yes, also . . . they were trying to teach the bear to read the *Star*. Teddy hadn't been getting much out of the *Star* lately and they felt that the wearing of the robe would help.

This is so rare . . . being able to talk to you "face to face" . . . I only hope Chi-Wee doesn't wake up yet . . . a few more well-aimed bops on the "noggin" would assure me of more time but . . . no, I mustn't be tempted.

After the sister class parties Friday night (to which my good, unconscious friend hadn't gone, incidentally, and I went by myself), we had another fire drill in the girl's dorm. Since Chi-Wee wasn't there to suppress my impulses I had a gay time. I sailed gaily out the window and fell head first (in front of the door) into the sticky, cold mud. There was quite a traffic jam until someone nicely extricated me from my uncomfortable position.

Oh, oh, I'd better hide under the rug, hide this copy and make myself small for awhile . . . Chi-Wee's conscious. Good-bye 'til another time. (In a very wee voice.)

Miss Beck Explains Kitchenette Rules

Due to the fact that there has been some confusion regarding the use of the dorm kitchenette, Miss Beck has announced that this privilege is available to any woman student, and not merely to the girls who live in the dorm. Permission for its use between 3:30 and 7:30 p. m. any day except Sunday may be obtained by signing up in the dorm office.

The girls of the dorm recently added to the kitchenette a 62-piece dinner set and some badly-needed cooking utensils. Plans are now under way to buy a set of glassware and a new dinner cloth.

Missionary Convention . .

(Continued from Page One)
exhorting on "With the Lord of Harvest in India."

Mrs. Mary L. Clarke arranged the Missionary Scripture Portions as presented to the congregation at the closing service for the convention held Thursday evening. Rev. F. R. Birch spoke on "Planning with the Lord of Harvest."

Approximately 140 delegates were present. Houghton women who made possible the convention were: Mrs. Perry Tucker, Mrs. Pierce Woolsey and Mrs. S. I. McMillen.

LIBRARY ANNOUNCES NEW FINE SYSTEM

A new system of fines has been initiated by the library which will become effective immediately. Fines are now cash and unless paid when the overdue book is returned to the library, the borrower will not be allowed to check out other books. This new system helps to make the duties of the staff lighter and less complicated, especially at exam time.

The library has been enlarged by the purchase and donation of several new volumes of books within the last year. *The Americana*, *The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*, *The Dictionary of American Biography*, and *The World Book* are among the new volumes which have been added to the library.

The Americana is an anonymous gift which has proved to be extremely useful to the students. *The Universal Jewish Encyclopedia* is a gift of the editor, who is an uncle of Mrs. F. Gordon Stockin. Purchased last spring, *The Dictionary of American Biography* has augmented the biographical material in the library. As a donation from the Men's Sunday School Class in memory of Mrs. Bowen, the former principal of the high school department, *The World Book* was given to the preparatory library at the beginning of this school year.

Mr. Hoyer . . .

(Continued from Page Two)
which camouflage his bed and which also serve to keep it free from dust and grime, thereby abolishing the necessity of frequent housecleanings. During the winter months Mr. Hoyer defeats the cold by the use of an oil heater, but a small burner suffices for cooking purposes.

Many students hardly realize that such a Dickensian shop exists in Houghton, but Mr. Hoyer is always glad to welcome visitors.

Class Parties . . .

(Continued from Page One)

Boulder editor pursuing his assistant with an upraised knife. The gruesome act was climaxed when he thrust the knife with force into the head that bulged the sheet under which Peg was hiding—a cabbage head!

Ruth Cowles' reading from *Penrod* was a welcome contrast. Then there was the story of one Horace Hensteeth who found a Houghton catalog near his crude home in the southern mountains and went to college to get "educated," starring Fred Kling and Helen Gurganus. A frosh male quartet gave their interpretation of "Clementine" and "Old MacDonald" (all 10 verses!). Robert Wolcott aroused applause with a couple of his famous readings. A new freshman music student, Paul Sprowl, sang some favorite popular songs with his own guitar accompaniment. Barbara Douglas and Herbie Schmalzriedt then suddenly became a deaf old couple reminiscing about school days while waiting for a train.

After Paul Markell, frosh class president, spoke a word of thanks to the juniors, the group sang a few choruses and Dr. Armstrong closed with Scripture and prayer. In the quiet of the last moments, taps sounded the end of the day.

Busses once again were loaded and everyone was looking forward to hot water and a nice, warm bed, but all agreed that they "wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Special credit for the party's success belongs to Miss Burnell, Betty Tutton, Leatha Humes, Bob Kalle and Dave Flower, who spent hours in planning and preparing with their committees.

KEEP 'N TRACK



Ruth Meade

"What-da-ya-know!" This ticket-window has been simply radiant with old familiar faces the last few days. We just wish our readers outside of Houghton could somehow sense what a veritable "morale-builder" one of these visits is. Sure, for both parties concerned! The fellows can live on a quota of "Houghton atmosphere" for months to come, while we Houghtonians get that "funny feeling" . . . wishing they were all here for good.

"String" Miller "blew back" for a day on his way to Buffalo. It would have been a treat if he had taken down our conversation word for word . . . he hasn't changed a bit. "String" hopes to be a civilian soon so that he can take a year's graduate work at Cornell—in criminology, no less. (He's interested in working with delinquent boys.) At present the dynamo is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia—"blistering conception of a state"—unquote. He informed us that his procedures in the army have been purely administrative . . . 1st Sergeant at an airfield, inspector in Canada, and now in the Air Corps, attached to Infantry headquarters. Off the record with "String" . . . while squadron leader, his boys sent off some of those "recoiless" 57's—"I couldn't hear for a week!"

Bess Fancher Speaks At Mich. Convention

Miss Bess Fancher was the speaker at two Sunday School conventions, October 25 and 26, in River Junction and Grand Rapids, Michigan. She spoke both afternoon and evening at both conventions.

At the first convention in River Junction, which represented the eastern section of Michigan conference, everyone listed on the program was from Houghton. A large number of ministers in the conference are Houghton graduates. Three different nights Miss Fancher stayed in the homes of three different Houghtonians.

"I feel," she said, "that the Michigan conference is alive to Sunday School interests and is anxious to promote child evangelism."

The afternoon sessions were business meetings but the morning meetings consisted of discussions of evangelism in the Sunday School.

V-BOND DRIVE BEGINS

A special chapel program next Monday, November 5th, will inaugurate the Victory Bond Drive for Houghton College. The quota for the Drive, which will continue throughout November, is \$3,000, the amount necessary to pay the hospitalization expenses of one wounded veteran.

The student body will be divided into rival groups, stamp booths will be set in the arcade, and several special events are being planned to help put the Drive over. Further announcements concerning the Drive will be made in chapel on Monday.

An ex-'46er has been drinking in some Houghton-air this week-end (the 27th) . . . Merlin Miller A/S. (Now do you wonder why we called Houghton "ah wilderness" that Spring, gals?) Merlin has been studying mechanical engineering at the University of Iowa for about a year and a-half. He'll graduate in July and probably see some sea-duty after that . . . though civies would look pretty good any time.

We've been seeing John Miller, ex'44, with a broad grin and a jolly "hello" for his friends at Houghton. Johnnie tells us he's still in Alabama, where his company is guarding German prisoners. I don't believe he means to be running traitor to the "South-bookstore," but Johnnie runs the PX—"everything at top prices." He hopes to be discharged around March, so he can come back to the old alma-mater before long.

Then just a word about Dave Morrison, ex '43 . . . a civilian as of October 15th. This former Sergeant was with the medics in England, France, and Germany . . . and was active in duty when our men "cleaned up" Buchenwald.

Remember "Gil" Blauvelt? (Sgt. Joseph G. to some). We had a note from him this week. He's at Duke University, North Carolina, now, and says "although Duke University has a larger campus than Houghton and perhaps a little more fame, it doesn't have the fine Christian fellowship of Houghton, which is more valuable in preparing young people for their life work."

Gil also sends word that just before leaving Germany he saw Paul Morehouse. We'd like to hear further details from both of these Houghtonians.



Faith in Action

Charles Foster caught a vision from an empty church. As he drove along the main road between Castile and Houghton he would see the old church at the crossroads in Portageville and wish that it would come alive. God laid the burden of the place on his heart until "Chuck" was praying fervently that an opening could be made there for dynamic, Spirit-filled gospel preaching. Forrest Gearheart, John Edling, and Ralph Patterson prayed with him, and in 1941 the boys went down to Portageville, holding their first service in the old church. Forrest's aunt, Mrs. Perry Tucker, went with them to help, and has been a faithful worker on the team ever since.

In the fall of 1942 the meeting place was moved to a store and garage in the center of town. Students from Houghton transformed the old store into a mission, cleaning, painting, papering, and remodeling. In 1942 the freshman girls' Sunday School Class donated curtains for the front windows, giving the services much more privacy. The most urgent material need of the mission just now is for seven gallons of white paint for the church and parsonage, which are a deadly dull, tattle-tale gray.

Yes, the word is "parsonage," because this year, for the first time, the Portageville Gospel Mission is to have a preacher who will actually live in Portageville in the apartment which adjoins the meeting rooms. Bill Woughter and his wife, from Elmira, who were miraculously saved only last year, have felt the Lord's leading to take the work. Bill is a freshman here in school and will commute to classes. When Bill testified in church the last Friday of the revival meetings, he said that he had his foot up and was waiting for direction from the Lord to know where to put it down. Now he's planning to set his foot on the firm foundation of faith in the Rock, Christ Jesus, and go to Portageville.

Mrs. Tucker is the only one now on the team who was there when the work began. Ann Gallup has joined the team this year to take Mary Nocera's place, working with Mary Dukeshire and Arthur Ruder.

These are only a very few of the students, faculty, and townspeople who have cooperated to exalt Christ in Portageville. When the Mexicans were staying at Portage, working on the railroad, Spanish-speaking workers, Maria Alvarado, Mr. Ernest, and Bill Acevedo, frequently went down to preach, teach, and interpret, and some of the Mexicans were marvelously saved. Scores of people have gone from Houghton with special music or messages, and the Lord has shown His blessing and favor on the work time after time, providing strength and means whenever they were needed. Bill Woughter and the team trust that the student body will continue to back the work with their prayers as he goes down to preach, because the opposition will be increasingly strong.



Sports Spasms

By Dave Miller

It would hardly be fair to pass over the outdoor sports without commenting on the athletic activities of our female constituency. Particularly notable among the games of Houghton's weaker sex is the game of hockey.

Your columnist had never experienced the joy of seeing one of these epic struggles until one day last week. Hitherto, I had passed them off lightly as a caprice of femininity, and certainly nothing worth taking seriously. But I am compelled to report, to those who have not yet witnessed one of these conflicts, that beneath our very nostrils seethes a game fraught with excitement and savagery.

I ambled complacently over to the athletic field the other afternoon. Upon my visage was the condescending and superior smile of masculinity. I thought, graciously to myself, we've got to let the girls have their little sports.

To say that I was amazed at what I saw is a gross understatement. I was terrified.

Before me was a large number of girls, each one wielding a vicious looking bludgeon known to fans as a hockey stick. Watching a bunch of girls swinging these lethal weapons with utter and reckless abandon is faintly reminiscent of the McCormick Reaper in action.

Although there is a spherical object which is supposed to be swatted between two posts, it is apparent to the more astute observer, that the real motive of the game is the beating of a merry tattoo upon the shins of your opponents.

Never does the game waver in its brutal intensity as these kind, weak, gentle, fragile maidens hack furiously away at one another. And to think that our

—HC—

Gold Conquers Purple

A powerful, hard hitting Gold hockey combination whipped the Purple team to win the first round of the hockey championship. The action was always swift although both teams spent a good part of their time sitting in the mud.

The first tally came early in the first quarter when Betty Sumner, a Purple plunger, whacked the ball through the Gold defense as she slid along.

However, the Gold quickly retaliated in the second quarter after a long siege. Franny Crowell was responsible for this goal. From this point on until the fourth quarter the play was nip and tuck. But in the last quarter, Marion Bernhoft broke the deadlock with another tally, which decided the game.

Another victory for the Gold in the coming game will clinch the title for them.

—HC—

Wanted--Wet Blankets!

Professor Smith is calling for student volunteers in the Houghton fire department. The men will meet once a month for drill, and will be fully insured. Furthermore, they will be the first ones to get to fires.

gridiron heroes merely ran around.

It is clear, that we will soon no longer be discussing the wiles, but the biceps of femininity.

There is something in my column this week, which I consider to be very important now that basketball season is approaching so rapidly.

There seems to be quite a number of fellows around the school who don't play on any of the class basketball teams because they have never had the opportunity to develop a proficiency in basketball.

Spectator sports are all right in their place but they can never displace the thrill and personal satisfaction that individual participation brings. With these things in mind I'd like to suggest a number of teams composed of members who are in this situation forming a league.

After talking to several of the alumni I discovered that such had been the practice in Houghton during the years preceding the war. Contests between certain houses and other non-athletic groups aroused a keen interest and rivalry.

Obviously, in the light of all the previously mentioned attributes of such a set-up, the thing to do is revive this valuable tradition. Any group of fellows desiring to form a team should discuss it with Coach McNeese.

—HC—

ELMIRA ALUMNI MEET

The Elmira chapter of the Houghton Alumni association held a business meeting preceded by a dinner Friday evening, October 26 at Long Acres Inn, located north of Painted Post.

President James Bence conducted a meeting attended by a group of thirty-five. Reverend Mr. Gerald Wright, son of Professor and Mrs. Frank Wright of Houghton, was elected as the new president, his wife as secretary and treasurer, and Harold Woodard as vice president.

Professor Willard G. Smith followed a presentation of movies of Houghton with an informal discussion of the present and future of the college.

—HC—

High School Highlights

High School Athletic Association officers recently chosen were Sam Northey, Pres., Dean Gilliland, Vice-Pres., and Ruth Krein, Sec.-Treas.

The Freshman class went on an outing last Friday from 4:30 to 7:30 at the "Sugar Bush."

The Sophomores had intended to go to the gym on Friday for a period of recreation but when they arrived there, they changed their plans and went to the Markey instead. From all reports, everyone had a good time.

The Junior and Senior classes had a roller-skating party at Wellsville on Friday evening chaperoned by Professor Stockin and Bert Compton. Everybody says he enjoyed every minute—even the minutes they spent on the floor.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Fri., Nov. 9,	Srs. vs Jrs.,	W 7:30
	" vs "	M 8:30
Wed., Nov. 14,	Jrs. vs H. S.	M 8:30
Thurs. Nov. 15,	Soph vs Frosh	W 7:30
	" vs "	M 8:30
Fri., Nov. 16,	Srs. vs H. S.	W 3:30
Fri., Nov. 23,	Srs. vs Frosh	W 3:30
	Jrs. vs Soph	W 7:30
	" vs "	M 8:30
Tues., Nov. 27,	Soph vs H. S.	W 3:30
Wed., Nov. 28	Jrs. vs Frosh	W 7:30
	Srs. vs H. S.	M 8:30
Fri., Nov. 30,	Frosh vs H. S.	M 3:30
Tues., Dec. 4,	Frosh vs H. S.	W 3:30
Wed., Dec. 5,	Srs. vs Frosh	M 3:30
Fri., Dec. 7,	Srs. vs Soph	W 7:30
	Soph vs H. S.	M 8:30
Wed., Dec. 12,	Srs. vs. Soph	M 3:30
	" vs "	M 8:30
Thurs., Dec. 13,	Jrs. vs Frosh	W 7:30
	" vs "	M 8:30



Don't Let
your
Dollar Down

Your Star reporter has been skipping all over the happy campus listing all sorts of bargains for you so that you wouldn't be confronted with those awful frustrating decisions you must make when with dollar in hand you start to shop.

The latest things at the College Book Store are the sharp, red bulletin boards that have "What's Buzzin'" printed across them. Then there is a shipment of exquisitely painted and hand-carved lapel pins that would really make very special Christmas gifts. Fellows would want several for their girl friends.

Going down the hill I noticed Paul's Gospel Press and upon entering I was informed that their latest feature was Scripture Scotch Tape. These could be used for many practical purposes.

At the little white door I paused and read "The Word Bearer Press." "The Miracle Hand," a book by Anna E. McGhie, is being sold there just now.

The College Inn, a spot to stop and "get a bite," has those glazed walnut sundaes again. You gourmets will be pleased no end.

All of you with "sweet-tooths" will want to stampede into Cott's Grocery Store for some good quality hand-dipped chocolates.

Across the Avenue at Cronk's you can find scrapbooks and animated books for children. Perhaps those in Child Psych would be interested.

Walking wearily up the steep incline betwixt the shopping center of Houghton and the campus made your reporter . . . thirsty . . . and definitely, so I trotted to the Pantry. The Pantry is just that—a pantry on the campus. Try their sundaes and "sodys" for satisfaction.

How's that for a shopping list? Now you'll know what to buy the next time you're hesitant to let your dollar down!

P. S. And if you're still undecided—invest in some Victory Bonds! (In fact, do it anyway!)

PAID ADVERTISEMENTS

Gold Takes Last Game, Wins Series

Last Wednesday, the 1945 Houghton football season made a glorious exit when the Gold footballers trounced the Purple 6-0. This placed the championship securely in the possession of the Gold aggregation. The previous game between these two outfits resulted in a deadlock.

Both teams were hampered when inclement weather rendered the field very sloppy and slippery. Consequently, the ground offensives of both teams were stifled. Even the passing was considerably hampered as witnessed by the numerous fumbblings of the pigskin by the receivers.

The first half saw the Gold warriors constantly slashing down into Purple territory. In spite of the elusiveness of the ball the Gold passing combination of Dave Flower to Bob Hanley or Ernst was relatively successful.

As in the first fray the Purple did not show signs of aggressiveness until the second half. Several times during that session they pierced far into the territory of the Gold. However, Hal Spencer, who played an excellent defensive game, made several timely interceptions and the Purple threats failed to materialize.

Purple rooters went into hysterics when Homer sent a long, hurtling pass into the arms of Tom Strong, who dashed across the goal lines for an apparent score. To their disappointment the play was called back by Coach McNeese on the grounds that the Purple backfield was in motion, and the score was nullified.

The Gold tally came unexpectedly in the last quarter when Dave Flower rifled a pass to Bob Ernst, who galloped over for the score. The subsequent attempt for the extra point was blocked.

The Purple, attempting to get back in the game, tried a series of herculean heaves which managed to avoid the receivers and thus the game ended 6-0.

The game was comparatively well attended despite the unfavorable weather conditions, and those intrepid fans who braved the elements were well rewarded by a furiously contested game.

—HC—

West's Move South

Miss Betty Jean Morrison (ex '47) became the bride of Mr. Silas West (ex '47) on June 18, in the Wellsville Methodist Church. Blaine West ('48) and Paul West ('49) were ushers, and David Flower ('47) was best man. Miss Phyllis Voorhees ('45) was one of the attendants.

Si and Betty Jean are now attending Wesleyan Methodist College, Central, South Carolina. Recently Si was elected Business Manager of the '46 *Centralian*, the college annual, and Betty Jean is a typist on the staff.

—HC—

Michael Sheldon Ordained

On October 26, 1945, at 7:00 p. m. Michael J. Sheldon ('43), was ordained at the First Baptist Church at Trevorton, Pennsylvania. Rev. Allyn Russell, ('42), gave the ordination message. Rev. Alvin Garcia ('38) gave the charge to the candidate.